

MRS. EDISON AT HOME.

Her Fairy Palace at Llewellyn Park, and Her Family.

The Wizard's Wife a Beautiful Woman, Who Entertains Delightfully—A Pretty Boudoir—Edison's Hobbies—A Son Who has the Inventor's Talent.

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Count Thomas A. Edison, commander of the Legion of Honor, lives in a beautiful house which is almost a castle in appearance.

"Glenmont," as it is called, is delightfully situated in the midst of the aristocratic suburb, Llewellyn Park, N. J. This place Mr. Edison bought after his second marriage, about four years ago.

The family consists of Mrs. Edison, two boys and a little girl, the latter the child of his second marriage. Mr. Edison's eldest daughter, a young girl about eighteen years of age, is studying music in Germany, where she has been for nearly a year under the care of a relative.

The two boys, Thomas and William, aged fifteen and thirteen years, are good-mannered, lively little fellows who are being educated at home by a governess. Their school-room, in the third story, is a pleasant, airy place, where the boys and their teacher spend four hours or so each day.

Thomas, his father's namesake, is something of a musician, playing remarkably well for a lad of his years both on the piano and the organ. William, I believe, has inherited some of his father's talent and likes to spend a day occasionally in the laboratory. That he one day failed to perform quite a marvelous experiment was due, he said, to the workman who did not provide the correct apparatus for chaining the electric current to his bidding.

Little two-year-old Madeline, a bright, winsome child, is naturally the pet of the household. One very pretty picture of her, which Mrs. Edison keeps in her boudoir, was taken in a quaint fashion. A crescent-shaped moon is outlined upon the card, and with trees

step over the threshold. Within, there is a charming air of comfort and luxury. The large, square hall is a room in itself, as the modern hall is designed to be, with a recessed window which forms a cozy nook with window seats. A carved oak table holds a curious Japanese vase or jar; near it is a bouquet of roses—bunches of freshly-gathered flowers greet you in every room in the house.

A large window over the second landing on the stairs is entirely of stained glass, a full-length figure of some mythological character being depicted upon it.

Mr. Edison's study or library is at the right of the hall. The book-cases, which line the sides of the room, are protected with glass. A large fire-place, with its mantel and polished brass andirons and fender take up nearly one side of the room, while a double window in front occupies another side. A little nook or recess has more books and a window of stained glass, with Dante's head pictured upon it.

Dante, I take it, is a favorite author of Mr. Edison's, for on the library table is a superb edition of that author's works, illustrated by Dore. A small bronze bust of Edison forms the standard to the drop light on the library table, and was the gift of a friend.

Speaking of lights, to see Mr. Edison's really magnificent home in all its glory one must visit it at night, when it glitters like a fairy palace, with its innumerable electric lights. One push upon a button lights up the drawing-room, for instance, where there are two chandeliers with countless lights. The effect, even by daylight, is very fine.

A beautiful and spacious apartment is Mrs. Edison's drawing-room, as the photograph indicates. There is an archway, supported by onyx pillars, which gives a lofty look to the plan. The prettiest corner in the room is where the piano stands, with a stained glass window above, a little statuette near it, and the door leading to the conservatory also near. Through the door is a glimpse that reminds one of the tropics; for just at present the conservatory is filled with palms and ferns.

There are some fine paintings in this

Mrs. Edison has a conspicuous place in one room.

The grounds surrounding Glenmont are extensive; a pretty lawn lies directly in front of the house; at a little distance is a garden, with a goodly promise of vegetables in due season. The stables have a large poultry yard near; raising fancy breeds of poultry is one of Mr. Edison's hobbies, and he has several hundred valuable fowls. There are five or six green-houses and a pasture where one or two Alderney cows enjoy the goods the gods provide. Mr. Edison keeps four horses—for horses, however, he has no special fancy; he considers them poor motors.

"I keep horses because I have to," he says, "but there isn't one fast one among them."

In twenty-five years from now electricity will have superseded horse-power in New York in the performance of every sort of useful work. The horse will have become a luxury, a toy, a pet, according to the wizard's prediction.

About the only recreation Mr. Edison takes nowadays is a drive on Sunday with Mrs. Edison through the country about Orange. In winter Mr. and Mrs. Edison are often seen in New York at the theater or the opera; come opera Mr. Edison prefers. A play he does not enjoy as well on account of his deafness, as he can not hear what the actors say. That he can not hear the sermon is the excuse he laughingly gives for not attending church.

FRANCES M. SMITH.

We had occasion yesterday to commend the courage and presence of mind of a Dubuque lady in providing more than a match for robber tramp. Miss Maggie Campbell, of Monmouth, though in another way, showed herself a heroine. About three o'clock in the morning she was awakened and aroused out of bed by clouds of smoke that came rolling into the room through an open window. Seeing that a porch at the back part of the house was on fire, instead of going into hysterics, as most young ladies would have done, she never said a word but coolly got up, hastened down stairs and gave the fire a drenching with a couple of buckets of water and returned to bed, never arousing another member of the household. Says the Monmouth Journal: "Not one lady in a thousand would have done this, and Miss Campbell is deserving of the highest praise for the nerve and coolness which she displayed."

And the Girls Adore Him.

Bilger—That count is a most imposing personage indeed.

Bloge—Well, he is. He has imposed on all the men with whom he got acquainted since he has been here in Newport.—Detroit Free Press.

1-2-3

The chambermaid is talking to herself: "If that handsome young lieutenant that's visiting here dares to kiss me again he'll get a piece of my mind. I wonder why it is he's so late."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Sincerely,

Niece—I'm writing to Clara Smith, aunt. Shall I say anything from you?
Aunt—You may give her my love, dear. How I do dislike that girl, to be sure!—Yankee Blade.

Next.

The professor of dead languages who had lost his false teeth was obliged to dismiss his class, because, as one of the students said, he couldn't "gum Arabic."—Exchange.

Great Improvement.

Judkins (to Black, who is preparing for a continental trip)—How do you get on with your languages, old fellow?

Black—Capitally. Why, I've got on so now I can think in French.
Judkins—Well, that's a blessing, for it's more than you could ever do in English.—Ally Sloper's.

His Kind Heart.

"Now, Fritz," said his aunt, "were you whipped again today at school?"
"Yes, but it didn't hurt me a bit."
"Still you cried over it, I understand?"
"I've got no hard feelings against the teacher, so I did that to please him."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Samson Described.

"Johnny," said his teacher, "who were the two strongest men of olden times?"
"Samson and Hercules."
"Can you tell anything about them?"
"Oh, yes. Samson was a regular Hercules."—New York Sun.

The artesian well of the Elgin condensed milk company brings up in one pipe a flow of hard water, obtained at a depth of a few hundred feet, while another pipe brings up a flow of soft water, obtained at a depth of 2,000 feet.

The little coal village of Ladd, near Peru is happy over the finding of the third vein of coal after more than two years of the hardest kind of work and repeated failures in getting through the strata of quicksand and water underlying the surface.

The Streater Free Press notices the arrival of a suspiciously large number of colored gentlemen in that town and surmises "they are a sort of advance guard for a body of negroes expected to work at Plum's shaft. Heretofore there has not been more than three or four colored gentlemen in Streater. There are now possibly twenty."

Yesterday, says Friday's Peru News-Herald, the water tank of the C. & P. & P. at the Peru round house was emptied and after the water was drawn off a curious collection was found. "Thousands of minnows, varying in size from a quarter of an inch to two inches in length, a wall-eyed pike, weighing thirty ounces, and a couple of large eels, all alive and in good condition were taken out by the men clearing out the aquarium."

LaSalle has a new daily—the Tribune. It is published by Hennessey and Hostwick, we believe, though we find no sign on the paper itself. It is a seven column folio, and promises to be something out of these days. The first number is not as newsy as a paper published amid 15,000 people (in LaSalle and Peru) might be; but no doubt it will, like good wine, improve in quality as it ages.

Remember we have reduced prices on all work. GAY & SON.

THE COAT WAS RENTED.

Opie Read Tells How a Big Man Suffered in a Little Coat.

It Enabled Him, However, to Make a Highly Amusing Exhibition of Himself at His Friend's Soiree.

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The large man whom circumstances have forced to rent a dress coat is almost as much deserving of pity as the man that has been unjustly condemned to be hanged. I will give my reasons for thinking so. Several weeks ago a friend came to me and said:

"Look here, old fellow, I am going to give a musical entertainment and I want you to help me out."

"How can I help you out?" I asked.

"The only music I ever made was turn-



LOOKING AT THE COAT.

ing a grind stone accompaniment to the flesh-creeping tremble of a sythe."

"Oh, I don't want you to make any music—only want you to recite something; some little thing, it doesn't make any difference what—tell that story you told us at the club the other night—just tell anything, you know."

I shook my head; he continued: "All we want you to do is to give us a little something to fill in with—won't amount to anything, you know."

"I am afraid that it is beyond my ability to grant your request," said I. "The truth is, I haven't the courage to place my awkward anatomy in a perpendicular position and address an audience."

"What! as large a man as you are and haven't that much courage?"

"Ah! but size is the trouble. If I were small, the trial would be less. There would not be so much of me to feel embarrassed. As the most famous of social hypocrites said in a letter to his son: 'Superior height requires superior grace.'"

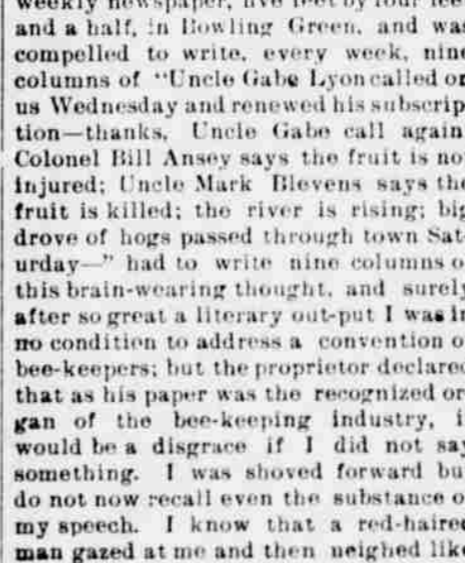
"Nonsense," my friend rejoined. "You'd look first rate in a dress-coat."

"But I have none."

"Why, hang it, rent one. I'll go out with you and in less than half an hour you'll be fitted like a tailor's model. Now look here," he added, persuasively, "it won't do to disappoint me, for the fact is I was so sure that you would help me out that I have had your name printed on the programme. Oh! it won't take you more than ten minutes," he soothingly added, noticing my nervousness. "All you've got to do is to step out, say your little piece, make your bow and that ends it. Don't you remember that I came out to your house some time ago and played during the entire evening?"

I did remember, and thus thrown by the "under-bird" of gratitude, I could do nothing but yield.

The entertainment was to take place the following Thursday evening, giving me almost a week's time to brood over the coming trial. Never, except on one miserable occasion in Kentucky, years ago, had I ever attempted to address an audience, and the memory of that occasion's hot embarrassment often comes in feverish dreams to strangle me with humiliation. I was editing a weekly newspaper, five feet by four feet and a half, in Bowling Green, and was compelled to write, every week, nine columns of "Uncle Gabe Lyon called on us Wednesday and renewed his subscription—thanks. Uncle Gabe call again; Colonel Bill Ansey says the fruit is not injured; Uncle Mark Blevens says the fruit is killed; the river is rising; big droves of hogs passed through town Saturday—had to write nine columns of this brain-wearying thought, and surely after so great a literary out-put I was in no condition to address a convention of bee-keepers; but the proprietor declared that as his paper was the recognized organ of the bee-keeping industry, it would be a disgrace if I did not say something. I was shoved forward but do not now recall even the substance of my speech. I know that a red-haired man gazed at me and then neighed like



THE ROOM WAS FULL OF PRETTY WOMEN.

a clover-fed colt, and that a pug-nose fellow from over the creek squealed like a peach-orchard shot.

Thursday afternoon I went with my friend to get the coat. "I have one staked out that will just fit you," said he. "I have engaged in this business

so often that I can look at a coat and tell if it will fit. Let's go in here."

We went in. Oh, yes, the clerk had the very coat; knew it was large enough; had been made for a big fellow that lectured at a cyclorama. I don't think that a more disreputable looking piece of cloth could have been displayed. On the label a dried piece of flannel-cake was held in place by a dab of maple sirup. The coat had evidently been present at a wedding breakfast.

"Oh, a little benzine will take that off," said the clerk.

"Try it on," the musician urged.

"Wait a minute," I remarked. "How about this hole under the arm?"

The clerk tried to patch the hole with a look, but failed. "Oh, our tailor can fix that," said he.

"Can make it look better than ever," the musician enthusiastically declared.

"But look here," said I. "One claw is almost torn off."

"Have you another coat?" I asked.

"I've got one that is the very thing, but it is out. You can have it to-morrow."

"Don't want it to-morrow—want it now or never."

"I think we can make this one do," said the musician, holding up the lacerated scare-crow.

"It is an elegant piece of goods," the clerk responded.

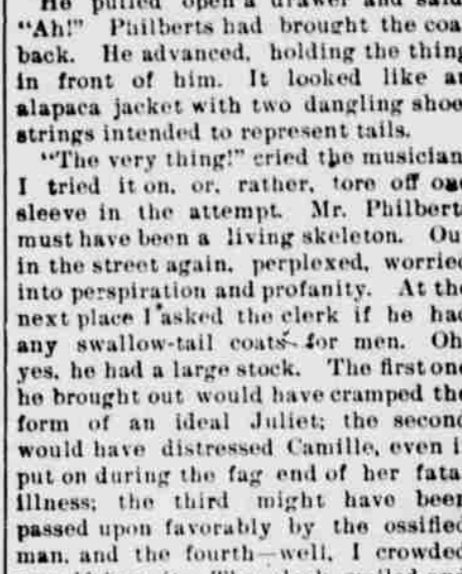
In one more moment I should have resorted to violence, but the musician drew me away. We went to another place. The clerk looked at the numbers on a stack of coats and shook his head. "Hold on," he said, as we were about to leave the store, and then remarked: "If Philberts has brought that coat back I think I can fit you."

He pulled open a drawer and said:

"Ah! Philberts had brought the coat back. He advanced, holding the thing in front of him. It looked like an alpacaca jacket with two dangling shoestrings intended to represent tails.

"The very thing," cried the musician.

I tried it on, or, rather, tore off one sleeve in the attempt. Mr. Philberts must have been a living skeleton. Out in the street again, perplexed, worried into perspiration and profanity. At the next place I asked the clerk if he had any swallow-tail coats—for men. Oh! yes, he had a large stock. The first one he brought out would have cramped the form of an ideal Juliet; the second would have distressed Camille, even if put on during the fog end of her fatal illness; the third might have been passed upon favorably by the ossified man, and the fourth—well, I crowded myself into it. The clerk smiled and the musician declared that it was a



beauty. "Oh! you must take it!" he exclaimed. "Looks tip-top—out of sight. Soon be time to go to the hall, you know."

"I know, but I can't raise my arm. See?"

"Oh, you don't want to raise your arm. In a humorous recitation you must stand perfectly still."

"But it pinches me under the arms."

"Oh, come, now! what difference does that make? Every thing pinches—life pinches, for that matter, but you don't want to throw off your life simply because it does pinch a little. Put on your overcoat and come ahead."

I sat on an uneasy chair waiting for my turn—to appear immediately after a slim young man in a nicely-fitting coat should finish singing "Jack Is Every Inch a Sailor." The time came and I suddenly found myself in the presence of innumerable ribbons and highly-colored feathers. Eyes, noses and then faces gradually grew into recognizable shape. I got through with my piece and then attempted to vanish, as trained stage people do, without turning round, but failed. A graceful vanish was beyond my skill. The people roared and I was forced to tell another story; and, encouraged by the outbursts of appreciation, felt the thrilling leap of the suddenly-acquired blood of bravery; still, at the close of the second recitation I could not vanish gracefully. When I turned to go the audience roared louder than ever, but, determined to run no risk of failure after so brilliant a success, I hastened to the green-room flushed with the excitement of victory. My friend and the other musicians, the young man who had sung "Jack Is Every Inch a Sailor"—all yelled. I was not long in discovering the true cause of my great success. The rented atrocity that I wore was split down the back from collar to tails. This was not the only humiliation, for one of the newspapers, in referring to my part of the performance, said:

"His idea of fun is of a very low order. Not having the humor of idea, he substituted a disgraceful clownishness—the miserable trick of putting on a coat, silt in the back, and then turning around so that the audience could see the 'joke.' We would advise him not to appear again in public, at least not until he learns the difference between respectable humor and disreputable trickery."

I may live to be an authority on floods and early frosts—may be referred to as "one of our oldest inhabitants;" circumstances may force me to commit robbery or steal a hog that wears a task like a reaping hook; but no condition, it matters not how severe, can ever compel me to rent another swallow-tail coat.

OPIE P. READ.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

The Cream of Whatever is Newsy, Interesting or Spicy in our Neighboring Exchange.

Only two townships in Marshall county show an increase of population since 1880. These are Evans, including Wenona, 124, and Roberts, in which Varna is situated, 52.

M. M. Ravlin, a wealthy and highly respected farmer near Aurora, 76 years old, met his death on Saturday by falling from a hay loft in his barn. He was one of the early settlers of Kane county and in 1861-2 was mayor of Aurora.

Schweinfurth, the Rockford imposter, preaches regularly every Sunday a five hours' sermon. Though hardened to a patient endurance of a multiplicity of afflictions, no Rockford reporter has yet been able to hear him out.

On account of the heat and drought or excessive economy in the use of grease, a load of hay being driven into Champaign last week became ignited from the friction of the wheels against the hay rack and burned hay, wagon and all.

The Princeton Tribune tries its hand at an original fish story thusly: "Rev. Hurlless, of Depue, while fishing in the lake one day this week, caught his hook in a tin can, which he landed. Inside the can was a live catfish considerably too large to find escape through the hole that was in the lid of the can."

Earlville Leader: Attorney L. O. Brown removed to Ottawa last week, where he has associated himself with Mr. Ayer, of Bloomington, and leased an office for the practice of law. As will be seen by their card, their office is in Lynch's block, and they will be in Earlville on Saturday of each week to look after the business here.

Trouble occurred in the Evangelical Lutheran church at Aurora last Sunday morning. Presiding elder Hyers, of Naperville, an anti-Escherite, was conducting the service, a proceeding to which the Escherites were very much opposed, and one of them, Simon Kiser, interrupted the services to such an extent that he was ejected from the church amid great excitement.

Dog days, which include the period from July 3d to August 11, are not so named because, as many people absurdly believe, dogs are more liable to go mad during that period than any other, but take the name from Sirius, or Canis Major, the dog star, which rises within the same hour as the sun in the period named. The ancient Egyptians, who worshipped the dog, attributed the extreme heat of summer to the dog star.

The removal of the Illinois Central Railroad shops from Chicago to Clinton appears to be still in abeyance. All that seems settled in the matter is that they are not to go to Freeport. Bloomington sent a committee to Chicago last week to put in a claim for that town. They were told no location had yet been decided upon and that Bloomington would be given a chance to submit a proposition before the matter was closed.

The local scribe of the Rockford Register, like all the rest of his unhappy guild, must find it an awful trial not to shoot the "intelligent compositor." After reporting Dr. Barrows as preaching an anti-vacation sermon, the "Int. comp." makes the scribe send him off on a vacation! In another place the same fellow makes the scribe attribute to Col. Vilas such monumental ignorance as awarding honors to Pitt that belong to Sir Robert Peel.

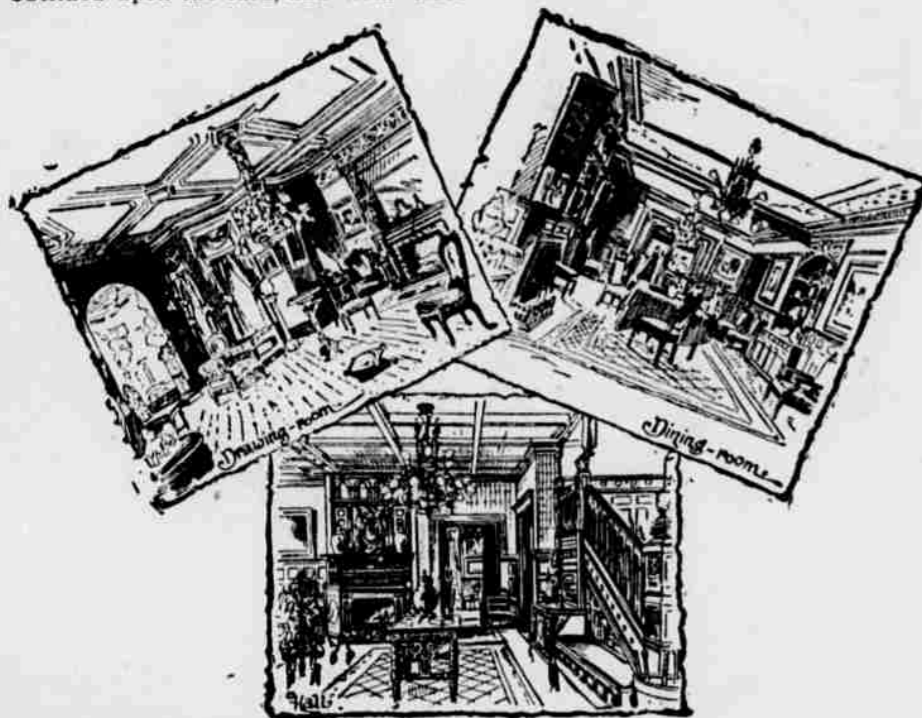
While boring for water at Bloomington on Monday the artificial ice company struck natural gas at a depth of 70 feet. It issues from a 6-inch pipe with a terrific roar, and when ignited burned a flame thirty feet high. When confined, the gas showed a pressure of eleven pounds to the square inch. Pipes have been run to the boilers of the factory, and the gas supplies sufficient fuel to run them. There are several gas wells like this in that region that have been in practical use for years.

According to Professor Root, the Canton weather prophet, the movement of storms in August will differ from that of July storms, being of a more copious nature in rainfall and extending from north to south, taking in a greater scope of country. The storms will be less violent, developing into steady rain, except during the tornado periods. In short, according to the Canton philosopher, glorious rains will break the drought everywhere. So note it be!

A notable relic of old days on the Mississippi was found in an excavation near the river at Galena the other day. It is a silver piece about the size of a quarter, is dated 1632, and is stamped with curious characters and devices which none of the local savants, several of whom are especially well versed in numismatics, are able to decipher. The prevailing is that it is barely possible that it is a relic of De Soto's voyage up the Mississippi in 1541.

The Tonicia News breaks forth in song as musical and tuneless as that of the cicada he celebrates: "Dog days are here. Likewise the dogs. Likewise the mosquitoes. Likewise the musical insects of every species—katydids, fall crickets, locusts and all such as scrape their fiddles without tuning them and rattle away, each on its own string, giving nightly concerts of mixed medleys and making a world racket for the nervous sleeper. Yet to many it is a welcome sound—this lullaby from the insect world. It is the siren song of the season, giving notice that the summer is passing and the frosts are coming—in about six weeks."

Freeport is awfully "put out" about the removal of the Ill. Central Railroad shops to Clinton, Ill. The Bulletin says: "A few years ago Freeport donated the Mallesbaron Shops to the Central Railroad with the understanding that the Central shops would be located there whenever they would be removed from Chicago. That the company is either willfully neglecting of this city or does not care for a valuable piece of property, is evident. The citizens of Freeport gave the Illinois Central company property valued at \$100,000. A good many of the gentlemen who were in the deal then wish they had waited awhile, for the promises made to the committee that went to Chicago then have never been fulfilled."



for a background, the child was photographed. Underneath are the lines:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.

Photographic dolls doubtless little baby Edison has by the dozens, or can have if she happens to like them.

Mrs. Edison is a beautiful woman, with charming manners as become a Countess. Her beauty and fine manners won high praise last summer, while in London and Paris, which she visited with her husband. Mrs. Edison is



THE DRIVE AT LLEWELLYN PARK.

twenty-four years old, a trifle above the average height, with a very graceful figure. She has brown hair which she usually wears high at the back, with a fluffy bang over her forehead. Her eyes are hazel, and her complexion that clear olive which artists love. Mr. Edison's pet name for her is "Mena." Mrs. Edison always dresses in perfect taste, and on ordinary occasions very quietly. Many French tea-gowns and handsome dinner dresses were added to her wardrobe last summer, when she was in Paris.

She takes a long drive every morning, accompanied by her little daughter and its nurse. Her carriage costume at this season is very apt to be an army blue cashmere with passementerie trimmings, and a pink hat with a becoming cluster of straw roses for ornament.

Mrs. Edison has a young woman's fondness for society and entertains a good deal; luncheon and dinner parties being her favorite ways of dispensing hospitality to her friends. Her sister, Mrs. Mary Miller, whose home is Akron, O., spends much time with Mrs. Edison, and is expected in a few weeks to return to finish a visit which she commenced in April.

The luncheon hour at the Edison mansion is two o'clock, and lest her absent-minded husband forget that he needs some refreshment, Mrs. Edison often has the carriage sent for him to his laboratory, although it is only a five-minute walk to the house.

The reader would hardly guess, perhaps, one of Mr. Edison's favorite viands—it is nothing more or less than that very Yankee dish—pie; for breakfast he always wants fruit.

The house where the wizard and the wonder of this age lives is a handsome structure of brick and wood, somewhat "Queen Anne" as to architecture, but of this the reader can judge for himself.

There is a wide and hospitable porch, at the front entrance, large enough to hold a settle, piled high with soft cushions. There are benches, several chairs—hospitality beginning even before you

room; a head by Elizabeth Gardner, who imitates so closely her master, Bouguereau; a figure painted by Perrault and one by Le Roux, a moonlight effect painted by Dougette.

The picture which especially attracted me was a painting on porcelain, "The Christian Martyr"—the figure of a beautiful young girl floating upon the water. This picture is framed in mother-of-pearl.

The hangings of this room are crimson damask, the furniture is richly carved rosewood, also upholstered with crimson damask.

One of the noticeable pieces of furniture in the drawing-room is a small, gold-and-onyx stand. There is only one other like it in this country, and that belongs to Mrs. Astor. In a deep recess, which is partly window and partly mirror, is a beautiful marble bust, "The Pose," it is called; it represents the head of a young girl, and as it stands before a large mirror, both the marble and its reflection add to the attractiveness of this part of the drawing-room.

You enter the dining-room at the rear of the hall. This is rather a simply-furnished room. The sideboard stands in a recess and displays a few pieces of silver and crystal. Mrs. Edison, by the way, has a small fortune in silver, which is kept in a safe, only a few pieces being in constant use. Leading from the dining-room is one apartment at present being fashioned into a billiard-room, billiards being a game which Mr. Edison likes to indulge in occasionally.

An attractive picture in the dining-room is one of Mrs. Edison's old home in Akron, O., which looks like a pleasant place, with its broad and well-kept lawn and spacious dwelling.

There are many beautifully appointed rooms on the second floor of the Edison mansion. Mrs. Edison's boudoir is naturally very attractive, as it is most homelike in appearance.

There is every thing for comfort and many things for luxury. A fine portrait of her father hangs upon the wall, and many pictures of little baby Madeline stand upon the mantel. From the front windows, there is a fine view of the Orange valley. Adjoining this is her sleeping-room, from which a door leads to the roof of the conservatory. Over this, in summer, an awning is stretched, and here often a cup of tea is served in the afternoon, as it is a favorite lounging place of Mrs. Edison, with its divans, its table with all the pretty and dainty appointments for making tea, and its huge jars of flowers.

There are many guest chambers, all upholstered in delicate cretonnes and dimities. The beds have small canopies arranged in the French style over each. There are rug and cushions and pretty inlaid writing-tables in every room. I noticed two pictures, which possessed much interest. One was a photograph of Edison when a boy about fourteen years of age. The other a picture of Mrs. Edison taken at "Sweet sixteen," shows a lovely, serious-faced maiden. The photograph of the first